

2Pac "Tu Pac - Toss It Up"

Visit "[Tu Pac - Toss It Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Lord have mercy, Father help us all
Since you supplied yo' phone number, I can't help but
call
Time for action, conversatin', we relaxin', kickin' back
Got you curious for thug passion, now picture that

Tongue kissin', hand full of hair, look in my eyes
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise
Me and you movin' in the nude, do it in the living room
Sweatin' up the sheets, it's the thug in me

I mean no disrespectin' when I tongue kiss your neck
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect?
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top
I pull over, gettin' busy in the parking lot

And don't you love it how I lick your hips and glide?
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside
Got ya lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust
I got the bedroom shakin' back, breakin' when we're
tossin' it up

In this baby, I like the way it's goin' down
When nobody's around
Slip slide ride, givin' me the nice ride
Anything that I like, what I wanna get all night
You and me alone, everybody's gone toss it up
Baby let's, get it on

I like the way you please me, babe
The sexy way you tease me, sugar
The way you move your body
It really drives me crazy

Your body hypnotizing
Your smell is so exciting
So baby come on home with me
I like the way you give it to me

I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up

I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up

Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on

Oh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm that want you lady
Oh, don't act so shady, baby your taste as fine as gravy
The way you move that thang, you make me wanna
sang
Girl, you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling

Now the man, I'm here again, don't want it to ever end
It's feeling too good, gimme some more, oh lady lady
Your body is the kind I like-ah, big booty titling delight-
ah
Bag it up yo, let me in there, toss it up for me

I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me

Did you want me? What's your phone number, I get
around
Cali Love to my true thugs, picture me now
Still down for that Death Row sound, searchin' for
paydays
No longer Dre Day, arrivederci

Blown and forgotten, rotten for plottin' Child's Play
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move
Cross Death Row, now who you gon' run to?

Lookin' for suckers 'cause you similar
Pretendin' to be hard, oh my God, check your
temperature
Screamin' Compton, but you can't return, you ain't
heard
Brothers pissed 'cause you switched and escaped to
the burbs

Mob on to this new era, 'cause we untouchable
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushin' you
Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed
Who can you trust? Only time reveals, toss it up

Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up

Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up

Visit [2Pac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.